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• ANN • PHILLIPS •

A MEMORIAL SKETCH

• 1886 •

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ANN PHILLIPS

WIFE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

A Memorial Sketch

by Francis Jackson Garrison



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ANN TERRY GREENE PHILLIPS.

ANN PHILLIPS, wife of Wendell Phillips, died at her residence, No. 37 Common Street, Boston, on the evening of Saturday, April 24, 1886, after an invalidism which had kept her closely confined to her house for the greater part of fifty years. She was born in Boston on the 19th of November, 1813, and was a daughter of the late Benjamin Greene, of this city, and Mary Grew (from Birmingham, England), his wife.¹ They both died in middle life, leaving a large family of young children, of whom Mrs. Phillips was the last survivor. Soon after the death of her parents she was received as a daughter into the family of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chapman, then living in Chauncy Place, near Summer Street; and when, in the year 1834, the entire Chapman family espoused the despised and unpopular cause of the slave, and allied themselves with Mr. Garrison and his little band of adherents, this beautiful and interesting young girl ardently sympathized with them, and threw herself heart and soul into the movement. Her zeal and enthusiasm were unflag-

¹ John Grew, the father of Mary Grew, was a friend and townsman of Dr. Joseph Priestley, and warmly sympathized with him in his advanced and liberal ideas.

ging, and if her uncertain health prevented her taking so conspicuous a part as some others, she was nevertheless a most valuable and valued ally, clear-sighted, wise in counsel, brave and hopeful in the darkest hours. In social circles her brightness, vivacity, and ready conversational powers made her a general favorite, and she improved every opportunity to present and urge the arguments of the Abolitionists, and to convert the hostile and the timid who would consent to listen to them. It was not surprising, therefore, that when Wendell Phillips, whose interest in the anti-slavery movement had been awakened by Mrs. Child's "Appeal," and strengthened by the sight of the Garrison Mob, met Miss Greene, he was soon convinced by her fervid appeals that the cause demanded not merely sympathy and occasional help from him, but a life-long consecration, to the exclusion of all worldly considerations; and it was equally natural that he found the personal charms of a young lady inspired and fairly aglow with such high moral themes, irresistible. The same year (1836) that witnessed his engagement to Ann Greene was marked by his first speech on an anti-slavery platform, at Lynn, Mass., and it was shortly after their marriage in the following year that he made that brilliant speech at the Lovejoy meeting in Faneuil Hall, which placed him at once in the first rank of orators, and from which his public career properly dates.

Of Mr. Phillips's unbounded admiration and love

for his wife, of his chivalrous devotion to her, and absolute self-abnegation through the more than forty-six years of their married life, and of his oft-confessed indebtedness to her for her wise counsel and inspiration, matchless courage, and unswerving constancy, the world knows in a general way; but only those who have been intimately acquainted with them both can fully realize and appreciate it all. They also know how ardent was her affection for him, and how great her pride in his labors and achievements. There are some charming glimpses of her feelings towards him in the letters which she wrote to near friends during the early years of her marriage, before the pen became so wearisome to her that she allowed it to fall into disuse. "My better *three-quarters*," she called him frequently. It was evidently a case of love at first sight on her part, no less than on his, for — "When I first met Wendell," she wrote, "I used to think, 'it can never come to pass; such a being as he is could never think of me.' I looked upon it as something as strange as fairy-tale." And on her first birthday after her marriage she wrote to a relative as follows: —

"November 19, 1837. Do you remember it is Ann Terry's birthday, and that I am so aged? I think I feel younger than that seventeenth birthday eve. What piteous expressions I used, as if I had almost completed threescore and ten! . . . Only last year, on my sick-bed, I thought I should never see another birthday, and I must go and leave him

in the infancy of our love, in the dawn of my new life ; and how does to-day find me ? — the blessed and happy wife of one I thought I should never perhaps live to see. Thanks be to God for all his goodness to us, and may he make me more worthy of my Wendell ! I cannot help thinking how little I have acquired, and Wendell, only two years older, seems to know a world more, —

‘That still my wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew.’”

With all this ardent admiration of her husband’s powers, and modest depreciation of her own, she possessed a keen insight, a sure instinct, and a sound judgment as to measures and principles, which he ever recognized and deferred to, and she often discussed with him, before he left her to attend a convention or deliver an address, the aspects of the question which she felt he ought specially to urge and emphasize. He cared more for her criticism and her approval than for all the plaudits of the admiring thousands who were stirred by his marvellous oratory.

In June, 1839, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips went abroad and remained two years, spending their winters on the Continent, and their summers in Great Britain, where they enjoyed meeting the choice circle of Abolitionists who were in close sympathy and affiliation with their American brethren. Note-worthy among these were Elizabeth Pease, a noble young Quaker lady of Darlington, England, and Richard D. Webb, of Dublin, also a Quaker, and

one of the most genial and witty of men. With Miss Pease a close friendship sprang up, followed by an intimate correspondence which continued for years after they returned to America, and they spent as much time as possible in her society and companionship.

In September, 1839, they were at Lyons, and the ensuing winter they devoted to Rome, whence Mr. Phillips wrote, on the 5th of January, 1840 :

“It seems useless to catalogue interesting objects, so numerous are they here; yet catalogues are more eloquent than descriptions. The Cæsars’ palace speaks for itself. To stand in the Pantheon, on which Paul’s eyes may have rested, what needs one more to feel? We have been up Trajan’s Pillar by the very steps the old Roman feet once trod; rode over the pavement on which Constantine entered in triumph; seen the Colosseum (I by moonlight, and heard the ‘dog bay,’ though not ‘beyond the Tiber’ that I know of); lost ourselves in that little world of dazzling, bewildering beauty, the Vatican, where the Laocoön breathes in never-ending agony, and eternal triumph beams from the brow of the Apollo. We have dived into Titus’s baths, and the half-buried ruins of Nero’s ‘Golden house,’ where the frescoes are blooming and fresh after eighteen hundred years.”

In June they were back in London to attend the World’s Anti-Slavery Convention, to which they had both been appointed delegates by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society; but Mrs. Phillips,

with her sister delegates (Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, Sarah Pugh, Abby Kimber, Elizabeth Neall, and Emily Winslow), was denied admission on the ground of sex. "Don't shilly-shally, Wendell!" was her injunction to her husband when he went into the convention to contend for the right of the women to take their seats in it, and manfully he argued their cause; but bigotry prevailed, and they were compelled to go into the gallery as spectators, instead of on the floor as members. The social enjoyments of the month were many and constant, however, and in the delightful society of the friends named above, of Mr. Garrison, Nathaniel P. Rogers, and other American delegates, and of Miss Pease, George Thompson, and Richard D. Webb, with opportunities for meeting scores of eminent and philanthropic men and women whose reputations were world-wide, the weeks slipped away all too rapidly. After the convention was over they went, in July, by way of Belgium and the Rhine, to Kissingen, in Bavaria, in the vain hope that the waters there would prove beneficial to Mrs. Phillips. Describing their journey thither, Mr. Phillips wrote (August 6, 1840):—

"To Americans it was specially pleasant to see, at Frankfort, the oldest printed Bible in the world, and two pair of Luther's shoes!!! which Ann would not quit sight of till I had mustered bad German enough, by aid of memory and dictionary and some mixing of French, to ask the man to let the 'little girl' feel of them. So, being permitted

to hold the great man's slippers in her own hands, the man watching to see she did not vanish with them, the 'Delegate from Massachusetts' was contented to leave the room. But she'll speak for herself."

The letter is addressed to Elizabeth Pease, and Mrs. Phillips adds: "We are settled down in this little, quiet village, and strange indeed it is after the busy London hours. How much we enjoyed there! Even I have a world to look back upon, though I was able to take but little share in the rich feasts of heart and mind. It was the remark of the great physician Hunter that he should be happy through eternity if God would but let him muse upon all he had seen and learnt in this world. So what a never-ending store of recollection you will have in this visit from those you have so long known (though not face to face). How hallowed will be to you the memory of those hours of communion with such a being as Garrison! I thought you could not but love him."

The waters of Brückenaу, another Bavarian spa, proved no more beneficial than those of Kissingen, and the Phillipses were glad to devote the autumn, which was a delightful one, to travel in Switzerland and northern Italy. Leaving Germany by way of Heidelberg, their course took them to the Falls of the Rhine, Zurich and Lake Lucerne, Berne, Interlaken ("over that gem of a lake by Thun"), the Staubbach and Wengern Alp, and Lausanne, and in October they crossed the Simplon to Milan.

“After a fortnight of glorious weather,” wrote Mr. Phillips (from Florence, November 19), “we started for Florence by Bologna, that jewel of a city, . . . for she admits women to be professors in her university, her gallery guards their paintings, her palaces boast their sculptures. I gloried in standing before a woman-professor’s monument set up side by side with that of the illustrious Galvani.”

In January, 1841, they were staying at Leghorn for the sake of the sea-breezes, and three months later they were at Naples, whence Mr. Phillips wrote (April 12) to Mr. Garrison: “Nothing brings home so pleasantly, or with so much vividness, to Ann, as seeing a colored man occasionally in the street; so you see we are ready to return to our posts in nothing changed.”

They came back to England by way of Paris, and spent the last half of June in London, with Miss Pease, finally sailing from Liverpool for home on the 4th of July.¹ After their return they passed a few weeks with Mr. Phillips’s mother at her summer home in Nahant, which Mrs. Phillips thus describes:—

“Picture to yourself a great wooden house, with doors and blinds as usual, a mile from any other habitation, little grass and fewer trees, and you have Phillips’s Cliff. The village of Nahant is about a mile from our house; there Dame Fashion

¹ The silhouette of Mrs. Phillips which forms the frontispiece of this Memorial, and is believed to be the only portrait ever made of her, was cut just before they left London.

struts about three months of summer, but we have the blessing of being out of her way and doing as we please. Here dwells, in summer, Wendell's mother; one of her daughters with five children one side of the house, we with her in the other. What with fifteen children and twenty grandchildren at intervals dropping in upon her, you see she is not alone. We rise about seven, breakfast at half past. Wendell rows the boat for exercise; bathes. I walk with him in the morning; dine at two; in the afternoon we ride with Mother; tea at seven; in the evening we play chess or back-gammon with her, or some brother and sister come to pass the night, and we dispute away on the great questions. We are considered as heretics and almost infidels, but we pursue the even tenor of our way undisturbed. Sometimes Wendell goes off abolitionizing for two or three days, but I remain on the ground."

In November of the same year Mr. and Mrs. Phillips moved into the modest brick house numbered 26 Essex Street, which remained their home for more than forty years. It was barely large enough for the accommodation of themselves and the necessary servants, and as Mrs. Phillips's ill-health prevented their entertaining visitors, it seemed wise to select a house which afforded no temptation for doing so. A dining-room and kitchen were on the first floor, a double parlor of diminutive size, but bright and sunny and making a cheerful study, on the second, and small cham-

bers in the third and attic stories. One of the first letters from the new home was addressed (by Mr. Phillips) to Elizabeth Pease, and dated November 25, 1841:—

“I am writing in *our own* parlor — wish you were in it — on ‘Thanksgiving Day.’ Did you ever hear of that name? ’T is an old custom in New England, begun to thank God for a providential arrival of food from the mother-country in sixteen hundred and odd year, and perpetuated now wher-ever a New Englander dwells, some time in autumn, by the Governor’s appointment. All is hushed of business about me; the devout pass the morning at church; those who have wandered to [other] cities hurry back to worship to-day where their fathers knelt, and gather sons and grandsons, to the littlest prattler, under the old roof-tree to — shall I break the picture? — to cram as much tur-key and plum-pudding as possible; a sort of com-promise by Puritan love of good eating for denying itself that ‘wicked papistrie,’ Christmas.”

A humorous account follows of the first trials of the young housekeepers with unpromising servants, and there is mention of a friend’s calling and finding him sawing a piece of soapstone:—

“I set to work to fix a chimney, having a great taste for carpentering and mason-work. (When I set up for a gentleman, there was a good mechanic spoiled, Ann says.) . . . Ann’s health is about the same. She gets tired out every day trying to over-see ‘the keeping house,’ as we Americans call it

when two persons take more rooms than they need, buy double the things they want, hire two or three others, just, for all the world, for the whole five to devote themselves to keeping the establishment in order. I long for the time when there 'll be no need of sweeping and dusting, and when eating will be forgotten."

Four months later Mrs. Phillips takes up the pen to give "some little insight into in-door life at No. 26 Essex Street" :—

"There is your Wendell seated in the arm-chair, lazy and easy as ever, perhaps a little fatter than when you saw him, still protesting how he was ruined by marrying. Your humble servant looks like the Genius of Famine, as she always did, one of Pharaoh's lean kine. She laughs considerably, continues in health in the same naughty way, has been pretty well, for her, this winter. Now what do you think her life is? Why, she strolls out a few steps occasionally, *calling* it a walk; the rest of the time, from bed to sofa, from sofa to rocking-chair; reads generally the *Standard* and *Liberator*, and that is pretty much all the literature her aching head will allow her to peruse; rarely writes a letter, sees no company, makes no calls, looks forward to spring and birds, when she will be a little freer; is cross very often, pleasant at other times, loves her dear L—— and thinks a great deal of her; and now you have Ann Phillips.

"Now I 'll take up another strain. This winter has been marked to us by our keeping house for

the first time. I call it housekeeping; but, alas! we have not the pleasure of entertaining angels, awares or unawares. We have a small house, but large enough for us, only a few rooms furnished,—just enough to try to make me more comfortable than at board. But then I am not well enough even to have friends to tea, so that all I strive to do is to keep the house neat and keep myself about. I have attended no meetings since I helped fill ‘the negro pew.’ What anti-slavery news I get, I get second-hand. I should not get along at all, so great is my darkness, were it not for Wendell to tell me that the world still is going. . . . We are very happy, and only have to regret my health being so poor, and our own sinfulness.¹ Dear Wendell speaks whenever he can leave me, and for his sake I sometimes wish I were myself again; but I dare say it is all right as it is.”

One more extract must suffice, and this from a letter written by Mr. Phillips in August, 1854, to the same dear and intimate friend:—

“ We are this summer at Milton, one of the most delightful of our country towns, about ten miles from Boston. Ann’s brother has a place here, and we are with him. She is as usual—little sleep, very weak, never goes down-stairs, in most excellent and cheerful spirits, interested keenly

¹ Her sad experience of invalidism made her anxious for the good health of her friends, a solicitude often expressed in her letters. To a blooming young bride who called on her she said: “ You *are* healthy, aren’t you, dear? ”

in all good things, and, I sometimes tell her, so much my motive and prompter to every good thing that I fear, should I lose her, there 'd be nothing of me left worth your loving."

To the few intimates whom Mrs. Phillips allowed to visit her freely there was seldom any symptom of depression or despondency visible. The sunny south chamber, having an outlook down Harrison Avenue, was bright with flowers, of which the invalid was passionately fond. In midwinter she would have nasturtiums, smilax, and costly exotics, later the brilliant tulips, and then the blossoms of spring, the May-flowers and anemones, until the garden rose and sweetbrier appeared. All these were supplied by loving hands and caused her unceasing delight. Nor did her personal appearance often betoken invalidism. She had good color, a strong voice and hearty laugh, so that it was difficult to think her ill. Conversation never flagged. She was eager to hear about and to discuss the news of the day, especially in anti-slavery and reformatory lines ; she took the warmest interest in the affairs of her friends, and to the poor and needy, who brought stories of sorrow and suffering and wrongs endured, her and her husband's sympathy and aid were freely given. There was no lack of cheer, and merriment, and sparkling humor from husband and wife, when two or three chosen friends were gathered in the sick-room, and shouts of laughter from it resounded through the house. "Gay as the gayest bird is Ann T. Greene,"

was written of her by a rhyming schoolmate when she was a girl, and she continued to merit the characterization. She was very fond of music, as was her father before her; and, debarred from going to concerts, she found pleasure in listening to the strains of the hand-organs which were frequently played beneath her window.

Her pecuniary contributions to the anti-slavery cause were constant and liberal; but the contribution which caused her far more self-denial was to encourage and urge her husband to leave her and go off "abolitionizing" for a few days, and now and then to make an extended tour westward; but, as a rule, he would rarely absent himself from home more than two or three days, and usually only for a night at a time, when his lecture engagements were so far away as to make it impossible for him to return home the same evening. He daily visited the markets in search of delicacies to gratify the invalid's appetite, and could often be seen wending his way homeward, his hands full of parcels for "Ann." In the summer they would go into the country for two or three months, occasionally experimenting with the water-cure and other methods of treatment for Mrs. Phillips, all of which proved futile. One of these was mesmerism, and, speaking of the difficulty of finding a good operator in it, and of her husband's being the best she had had, Mrs. Phillips wrote, humorously (January 31, 1846): "So the poor, devoted Wendell is caught, one hour of his busy day, and seated

down to *hold my thumbs!* . . . I grow sicker every year, Wendell lovelier, I more desponding, he always cheery and telling me that I shall live not only to be 'fat and forty,' but fat and scolding at eighty!" The letter continues:—

"Dear Wendell has met with a sad affliction this fall in the death of his mother, who left us in November. She was everything to him,—indeed, to all her children; a devoted mother and uncommon woman.¹ . . . So poor unworthy I am more of a treasure to Wendell than ever, and a pretty frail one. For his sake I should love to live; for my own part I am tired, not of life but of a sick one. I meet with but little sympathy, for these long cases are looked upon as half, if not wholly, *make-believes*,—as if *playing well* would not be far better than *playing sick*. I value your love and sympathy only the more that I find so few who know how to feel for me."

A new and delightful element came into their childless home when they received, in 1850, the little orphaned daughter of Mrs. Eliza Garnaut, one of the noblest and most self-sacrificing women

¹ "Dear Ann has spoken of my dear mother's death," wrote Mr. Phillips on the same sheet. "My good, noble, dear mother! We differed utterly on the matter of slavery, and she grieved a good deal over what she thought was a waste of my time, and a sad disappointment to her; but still I am always best satisfied with myself when I fancy I can see anything in me which reminds me of my mother. She lived in her children, and they almost lived in her, and the world is a different one, now she is gone."

who ever walked the streets of Boston; who literally spent herself for others, and died a victim to her unselfish devotion in 1849. Mr. Phillips's beautiful tribute to her will be found in the *Liberty Bell* for 1851. The little girl, who now became as a daughter to them, was a constant joy to them both. "Ann busies herself with lessons and French exercises as when she herself went to school," wrote Mr. Phillips, who himself took pleasure in directing the child's education, and found in her a bright and loving companion until marriage took her away to another city, and finally to a foreign land.

For some years Essex Street was the centre of the small anti-slavery community of Boston. Within five minutes' walk to the south lived Francis Jackson, and Samuel and Mary May, on Hollis Street, and the Garrison family, on Dix Place. Not much farther away, in the opposite direction, were Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring, on Winter Street; while just around the corner, to the north, were Theodore Parker's house, on Exeter Place, Miss Mary G. Chapman's, on Chauncy Street,—the Boston home of the Weston sisters and Mrs. Chapman, when they came to the city,—and Charles F. Hovey's, on Kingston Street. Mr. Phillips has told how often, as he looked from his own chamber window late at night, when some lecture engagement had brought him home in the small hours of the morning, he saw the unquenched light burning in Theodore Parker's study — "that unflagging student ever at work."



One by one these friends died or moved away; Essex Street, so long a quiet, respectable street, occupied wholly by residences, was gradually invaded by business stores; the neighborhood became infested with drinking-saloons, and the whole character of the locality changed. Friends wondered how the Phillipses could endure to remain there, but they clung to their old home¹ with the most passionate attachment; and when, in 1882, the building was finally condemned to removal by the city authorities, for the purpose of widening and extending the adjacent streets, they left it with the greatest reluctance and sorrow. Another small house, singularly resembling it in many respects, was found at 37 Common Street, and rented by them, but they could never become reconciled to it, or make it seem homelike. Mrs. Phillips's illness had deepened before they left Essex Street.

¹ The view of the Essex Street house which is given in the accompanying picture, is from a photograph taken in 1882 by Mr. J. W. Black, who has kindly permitted its reproduction here. Mrs. Phillips's chamber was in the third story, above her husband's study, and during the turbulent winter of 1860-61 she could look out upon the crowds (composed of both friends and mobocrats) that followed Mr. Phillips home from his Sunday morning discourses at Music Hall, and gathered in a surging mass before the house.

The vignette on the title-page is a portrait of Mr. Phillips standing in his doorway,—an admirable and characteristic likeness. The soft gray hat, the coat, the graceful figure and fine profile, will be recognized at once by all who were familiar with his appearance as he daily walked the streets of his beloved city.

In little more than a year after they went to Common Street, her devoted and tireless husband, nurse, and care-taker was suddenly snatched from her, and after that irreparable loss she secluded herself more than ever from her friends, endured constant suffering, and gradually failed, until death came as a merciful release. On the night of Friday, April 23, she became unconscious and fell into a deep sleep that knew no waking, and before midnight on Saturday she ceased to breathe.

The few life-long friends who were privileged to look upon her face the following Easter morning were startled by its expression. She lay as if asleep, with all the purity and guilelessness of her youthful face ripened to maturity. It seemed transfiguration, and the memory of it will always be a joy and an inspiration.

“Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death.”

At the simple funeral service which was held at the house on Wednesday noon, April 28, her and her husband’s friend, Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, Mass., read a portion of the Burial Service of the King’s Chapel Book of Prayer, and made the following beautiful and comforting remarks: —

“We stand again at the parting of the ways.
Again a mortal pilgrimage has closed, and a life

unfettered by mortal conditions has begun. The natural body has done and borne to the utmost ; its burdens, pains, and griefs have ceased forever. Now she, who has been an almost life-long prisoner, wellnigh unable to move from one narrow spot, may 'awake and run the heavenly race,' and know a strange freedom amidst heaven's pure airs, amidst the 'solemn troops and sweet societies' of those she had loved and lost, and of that greater multitude whom she had borne on her heart from her youth,— to soothe and relieve whose wrongs and sufferings had so long been the solace of her own grief and pain.

"Would that some one stood in my place to bear such full testimony to her life as it has so richly merited at our hands. Would that a voice as eloquent, a perception of her worth as just as were his who rendered her loyal and loving service so long, could *now* testify to the life which, with all its hindrances, limitations, and clouds, we must declare — for its truth, patience, depth of feeling, unfaltering faith, and undaunted courage — to have been nothing less than sublime.

"There is no need that I should much enlarge upon this strange, though uneventful, life, known to you better than to me. In the silence of our thoughts we trace her long life from childhood to beyond the verge of threescore years and ten. Who of us can fitly measure those protracted years, to which health was a stranger, but which her overmastering will saved from dull acquiescence and

mere endurance, and made a living spring, a perpetual fountain of beneficence, of hope and gladness, to many of the neediest of earth? Her young girl's heart was good soil for the first lessons of anti-slavery truth. That great, but scarcely recognized, cause found in her a keen intelligence, a quick conscience, a genuine sympathy. When probably not one of her young friends, beyond her immediate kindred, would have bestowed a thought, or only a contemptuous one, upon the wrongs of the enslaved millions of a boastful and blinded republic, *she* accepted the obligation at once and made those wrongs the care of her daily life. Wendell Phillips, her young lover, was led by her to see the greatness of the cause and its claims on him and every true American, and ever owned his indebtedness to her for that light and for the great impulse which bound him to its service. He once told me that, in Paris, they met in the street, one day, a black man, and she exclaimed with evident pleasure: 'How good it is to see a black face again!' How should we thank God for those noble natures which never forget duty, which never turn their backs on a principle, however disregarded by men, and which, by their steadfast adherence to it, instruct and inspire multitudes, and make the triumph not only possible, but sure!

"From the time of her return to America her fate as a sufferer seemed to be sealed. Still her spirit was onward, clear-sighted, vigilant, sending forth messages of cheer and warning as she saw

need. With most of us a kind of mystery came to envelop her. Years and years passed; we never saw her; but we always read the name ANN T. G. PHILLIPS among the foremost in every call to action, in every acknowledgment of help. She was a recognized power, though unseen. She was a strong helper, though in such bodily weakness. For hers were will, courage, and faith — mighty through God to do all things. In her enforced seclusion she often saw more clearly than her husband the special work for him to do; and he was accustomed to be largely guided by her counsel.

“What unfathomable mysteries surround us! The ways of our human life are often in thick darkness. Although disease and pain had long borne her down,—their burden never lifted,—a severer trial, a bitterer burden, was yet to visit her. What none could have anticipated, the strong and active man, on whom she so depended, was to be taken away, and she in her helplessness was to be left! If this terrible blow should have somewhat disturbed her mind’s balance, who can wonder? If, in her deepening suffering, bodily and mental, she sometimes cried out for a relief and help which never in the flesh could come to her, was it surprising? ‘Having been a little afflicted,’ said the wise man of old, ‘they shall be greatly rewarded.’ We reverently thank God for those two grand, yes, wonderful, lives, which so singularly supplemented each other. In one sense they are lost to us; but, in a far higher, they become the

eternal possession of all true and faithful souls. Separated for a little while, we rejoice in the faith that ANN AND WENDELL PHILLIPS walk hand in hand once more.

‘Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green.’

Oh, that it may, in infinite mercy, be given us to have an entrance there,—they and we together entering into the joy of our Lord!”

After Mr. May had finished, Mrs. Lucy Stone and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe spoke with deep feeling and appreciation of Mrs. Phillips, and in felicitous characterization of her noble qualities, and then the kindred, with a few near friends, followed the remains of both ANN AND WENDELL PHILLIPS (the latter’s being now removed from their temporary resting-place in the Old Granary Burying-Ground) to the beautiful cemetery at Milton. They were buried side by side in the same grave, in a spot which Mr. Phillips had himself selected, a year or two before his death. A noble pine-tree stands near it, and the view, before the foliage is out, is extensive and charming. Nature, in her early spring mood, could not have given a brighter or lovelier day, or one more fitting for an occasion where sorrow had no place, and there could be only joy and thanksgiving for the reunion of two noble souls.





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